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Vol. I.

No. 10.



SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1870.

PUBLISHED BY THE

PUNCHINELLO PUBLISHING COMPANY,

83 NASSAU STREET, NEW-YORK.

Will Shortly appear: Our New Serial, written expressly for Punchinello, by ORPHEUS C. KERR, Entitled, "The Mystery of Mr. E. Drood." To be continued weekly during this year.

See 15th page for Extra Premiums.

See 15th page for Extra Premiums.

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### WHAT WE MAY CONFIDENTLY LOOK FOR.

*Jurywoman.* "I BEG TO INTERRUPT THE COURT WITH THE REQUEST THAT, BEFORE THE CASE PROCEEDS ANY FURTHER, THE SHERIFF BE DIRECTED TO PROVIDE THE JURYMEN ON MY RIGHT WITH A BOTTLE OF LUBIN'S EXTRACT, OTHERWISE THE FEMALE MEMBERS OF THE JURY WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CONSEQUENCES," etc., etc.

### A CONSISTENT LEAGUE.

IMMEDIATELY upon McFARLAND's acquittal, the Union League of Philadelphia determined to give a grand ball. And they did it. And, what is more, they intend to do it every time the majesty of any kind of Union is vindicated. Except, of course, the union of the "Iron interest" and the public good.

One of the most valuable and instructive features of this ball was, the grand opportunity it offered to the members of the League to show their respect and affection for the spirit of the Fifteenth Amendment. Accordingly, they invited a large number of colored ladies and gentlemen, and the accursed spirit of caste was completely exorcised by the exercises of the evening. The halls were grandly decorated with blackberry and gooseberry bushes, and other rare plants; sumptuous fountains squirted high great streams of XX ale and gin-and-milk; enormous piles of panned oysters, lobster salad, Charlotte Russe, and rice-pudding blocked up half the doorways, while within the dancing-hall the merriment was kept up grandly. The ball was opened by a grand Cross-match waltz in which Hon. MORTON McMICHAEL and Mrs. DINAH J—N; GEORGE H. BOKER and Miss CHLOE P—T—N; WILLIAM D. KELLEY and Aunt D. LU—V—A—N; A. BORIE and Miss E. G—N; Gen. TYNDAL and Miss MAY OR—TV, and several other distinguished couples twirled their fantastic toes in the most reckless abandon. Virginia reels, Ole Kentucky break-downs, and other characteristic dances diversified the ordinary Terpsichorean programme, and the dancing was kept up to a late hour. It was truly gratifying to every consistent supporter of the enfranchisement of the African race, to see such gentlemen as Senator REVELS, FREDERICK DOUGLASS, Mr. PURVIS, and other prominent colored citizens, in the halls of this patriotic and thoroughly American Society. The members of the League were evidently of the opinion that it would be a most flagrant shame, on an occasion of this kind, for them to deny to their colored fellow-citizens the rights and privileges that they are so anxious shall be accorded them by every one else; and, while they do not believe that they are bound to invite any one—black or white—to their private re-unions on

account of political considerations, they do not attempt to deny that, on an occasion of this kind—a celebration in fact of the success of a political party—it would be most shameful to ostracize the very citizens for whom that party labored and conquered. Therefore it was that they so warmly welcomed, within their gorgeous halls, their colored fellow-citizens, and by so doing won for themselves the approbation of every consistent American. It was one of the most affecting sights of the evening to see these gentlemen of the League, nobly trampling under their feet all base considerations of color and caste, and walking arm and arm with their colored sisters; smelling the exotics; admiring the groups of statuary; sipping the coffee and the punch; prizing the crimson curtains; inhaling the perfumes from the cologne-water fountains; ascending and descending the grand walnut staircase (arranged for this occasion only); listening to the birds in the conservatories; and fixing their hair in the magnificent dressing-rooms. When, in the midst of the festivities the band struck up the beautiful air, "Ask me no more!" the honored guests of color looked at each other with pleasant smiles which seemed to denote a perfect satisfaction. And so, whatever may be said of the friends of the colored race in other parts of the country, it must be universally admitted that the Union League of Philadelphia has done its duty!

### Good Reading for Topers.

MR. GREELEY'S "Recollections of a Boozy Life."

### Sporting Intelligence.

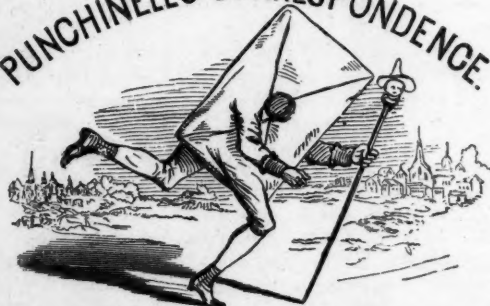
A NEWSPAPER item says that "a Mexican offers to shoot JUAREZ for \$200."

That's nothing. TAYLOR, of Jersey City, offers to shoot any man in the world for \$2000.

### The Favorite Drink of the Canadian Government.

CABINET Whiskey.

## PUNCHINELLO CORRESPONDENCE.



THE public still labor under misapprehensions of our character and calling. We are in daily receipt of letters of the most heterogeneous description, the task of answering which we are compelled to utterly forego.

We subjoin a few specimens :

"MR. PUNCHINELLO. *Dear Sir:* My wife died yesterday, and would you be so kind as to come and make her will? I would not give you the trouble of coming, but the young woman I intend to marry next is going away to-morrow, and I don't want to leave home. My wife had five hundred dollars which I want left to me, and a feather bed, which you may divide amongst the children.

"Yours in affliction, SOLOMON SNIPP."

"SIR: I calculate to give a funeral down at my place shortly, that is, if things go right; but we have no preacher to do the work. Would you please to send us one? Not particular what kind, so long as the work is *sure*. Party is not dead yet, but I make arrangements beforehand as I expect to be insane. Good pay for good work.

"Sincerely, P. McFINIGAN.

"P. S. Do preachers warrant their burials?"

"DEAR MR. PUNCHINELLO:—You were so good as to prescribe a hot pitch plaster for the baby's mouth. Next day I took the prescription to your office, but failed to get it made up, as the devil, they told me, was busy. Will you please inform me when you will be at leisure? Meanwhile baby yells.

"Yours truly,

C. PUGSBY.

"P. S. *Later.* Mrs. PUGSBY says if I apply that plaster she will go insane. True, she does not understand fire-arms, but then I should be afraid to drink any coffee for a month. In the meantime, if the baby keeps on, I shall go crazy myself; so there is likely to be a casualty somewhere. What's to be done? Shall I bring the child to you?

"C. P."

*Answer.* At your peril. Go crazy and shoot it; then we will go crazy and turn counsel for the defence. The result will probably be that you are handed over to the ladies to be kissed into reason; but if you would rather be hung, you must do the shooting over in New-Jersey.

### "BEAUTIFUL SNOW."

CIRCUMSTANCES having rendered it probable that the dispute respecting the authorship of the poem "Beautiful Snow" may shortly be revived, PUNCHINELLO takes this opportunity of setting the public right on the subject, and silencing farther controversy regarding it for ever.

It is the production of Mr. PUNCHINELLO, himself; was composed by him so long ago as July, 1780, and copyrighted in August of the same year. It may be asked how the idea of snow-flakes happened to occur to him in July. That question is easily settled. The day was sultry; thermometer 98° in the arbor. Drowsed by the sultry air—not to mention the iced claret—Mr. PUNCHINELLO posed himself gracefully upon a rustic bench, and slept. Presently the lovely lady who was fanning him, fascinated by the trumpet tones that preceded from his nose, exclaimed: "Beautiful Snore!" This was repeated to him when he awoke, and hence the origin of the poem.

### Fish Culture.

THE Grand Duke ALEXIS, of Russia, proposes to come to these shores and inspect the American system of fish culture. With this end in view, he will, of course, be the particular guest of Gen. GRANT, and will, no doubt, be surprised to find that our principal Fish is a cultivated man. But he will better understand our Fish system by witnessing its operations in Spanish and Canadian waters, as also in those of Sault St. Marie.

—:—  
Lindsey-Woolsey.

THE regular troops for the Canadian Red River Expedition have been supplied by Gen. LINDESEY, and



TOO TRUE!

Scene—Academy. Time—Spring of '70.

Miss Smith. "WHAT DOES 'N. A.' MEAN AFTER SOME OF THESE ARTISTS' NAMES?"

Miss Brown. "N. A. WHY IT MUST MEAN 'NEEDY ARTISTS.' POOR FELLOWS!"

are commanded by Col. WOLSLEY—a fact oddly co-incidental with the reported flimsy character of the expedition, so far as it has gone.

—:—  
Bivalvular Intelligence.

It is stated that the clams along the Stratford shore are dying by thousands of a malignant disease, which a correspondent of the Bridgeport Standard calls "clam cholera."

This is a sad calamity for the people of the Stratford shore.

—:—  
The Fifteenth Amendment.

THE appointment of colored postmasters in Maryland may be all very well; but PUNCHINELLO would like to know whether the Post-office authorities intend to revive the custom of Blackmailing.



## THE PLAYS AND SHOWS.



OMEDY personified, in Mr. CLARKE, has now reigned at BOOTH's for nearly six weeks. During that time there has been a perceptible change in the metaphorical atmosphere of the house. The audience no longer wears the look of subdued melancholy which was once involuntarily assumed by each mourner for the memory of SHAKESPEARE, who passed the solemn threshold. The ushers no longer find it necessary to sustain their depressed spirits by the surreptitious chewing of the quid of consolation, and are now the most pleasant, as they were always the most courteous, of their kind. Persons have even been heard, within the past week, to allude to BOOTH's as a "theatre," instead of a "temple of art;" and though the convulsions of nature which attend the shifting of the scenery, and cause castles to be violently thrown up by volcanic eruptions and forests to be suddenly swallowed by gaping earthquakes, impart a certain solemnity to the brightest of comedies, still there is a general impression among the audience that BOOTH's has become a place of amusement. And in noting this change PUNCHINELLO does not mean to jeer at the former and normal character of BOOTH's. BEETHOVEN's Seventh Symphony, DANTE's Inferno, JEFFERSON's Rip Van Winkle, and EDWIN BOOTH's Hamlet are not amusing, but it does not follow that they are therefore unworthy of the attention of the public, which is pleased with the rattle of De Boots, and tickled with the straw of Toodles.

FOX *vs.* GOOSE is a three act comedy in which Mr. CLARKE last week made his audience laugh as freely as though the tomb-stones of all the Capulets were not gleaming white and awful in the lamp-light of the property-room; or, at all events, would be gleaming if any body were to hunt them up with a practicable lantern. The opening scene is the tap-room of an inn, where Mr. FOX FOWLER, an adventurer, is taking his ease and his unpaid-for gin-and-milk.

Enter Landlord, presenting his bill. "Here, sir, you've been drinking my beer for several years, and now I want you to pay for it."

Fox. "My friend! why ask me to pay bills? Do you not perceive that I wear a velvet coat? And, besides, even if I wanted to pay I could not until my baggage, which I gave to an expressman ten years ago, shall reach me. It will probably arrive in a month or two more."

Landlord. "Here comes Sir GANDER GOSLING. I'll complain to him of your conduct." (Enter Sir Gander.)

Fox. "My dear Sir GANDER. Allow me to embrace you."

Sir Gander. "I don't know you. I'm not my son JACK."

Fox. "But I am Jack's dearest friend. I have saved him from drowning, from matrimony, from reading the *Nation*, from mothers-in-law, and all other calamities mentioned in the litany."

Sir Gander. "Describe him to me, if you know him so well."

Fox. "He is tall, dark, slender, and quiet in manner."

Sir Gander. "My dear fellow he is short, fat, light, and noisy. I am convinced that you know him. Permit me to pay your bill, lend you money, and tell you all about our dear JACK's intended marriage." (He pays, lends, and narrates accordingly. A terrific rattling of dish-pans simulates the arrival of a train. Sir GANDER departs and JACK GOSLING enters.)

Fox. "My dear JACK, allow me to embrace you."

Jack. "I don't know you. I'm not my father."

Fox. "But I am your father's dearest friend. Sit down and have a bottle of wine, and tell me all about ROSE MANDRAKE, your intended bride. 'Rose! Rose! the coal black Rose!' as MILTON finely remarks." (They sit down and JACK immediately gets very drunk, thereby affording another proof of the horribly adulterated condition of the

liquor used on the stage, which infallibly intoxicates an actor within two minutes after it is imbibed. [Let the Excise authorities see to this matter.] Finally JACK falls, and the curtain immediately follows his example.)

Critical Young Man, who reads all the theatrical "notices" in the *Herald* in the leisure moments when he is not selling yards of tape and ribbon. "I don't think much of CLARKE. He ain't half the man that NED FORREST is. There ain't a bit of spontaneous humor in him. Them San Francisco Minstrels can beat him out of sight."

Accompanying Young Female Person. "Yes, I think so, too. I hate to see a man act drunk. It's so low and vulgar. I like pretty plays, like they have at WALLACE's."

Respectable Old Gentleman. "PLACIDE—BLAKE—BURTON—"

Every Body Else. "Well, this is real humor; I haven't laughed so much since I heard BEECHER preach a funeral sermon."

The second act takes place in the house of Major MANDRAKE. FOX has successfully assumed the character of JACK GOSLING, and is having a pleasant chat with the family, when the gardener enters to inform the Major that a flock of crows is in sight.

Major Mandrake. "I love the pleasures of the chase. Bring my gun, and I will shoot the crows." (He goes out, and shoots JACK, who is climbing over the gate. Re-enter Major and men carrying JACK.)

Major. "Alas! I have missed the crow over the cornfield, and lost the crow over my shooting which I would otherwise have had. Also I have shot a man out of season, and the sportsmen's club will prosecute me."

Jack. "I am not dead, though my appearance and conversation might induce you to think so. My name is JACK GOSLING. The chap in the velvet coat is an impostor."

Major, Fox, and other dramatic persona. "Away with the wretch! He himself is the impostor. Call a policeman who will club him if he makes no resistance."

JACK is dragged away, but perpetually returns and denounces his rival. He is bitten by suppositious dogs cunningly simulated by stage carpenters, who remark "bow-wow" from behind the scenes. He is cut by ROSE MANDRAKE, and also by rows of broken bottles, which line the top of the wall on which he makes a perilous perch, not having a pole or rod with which to defend himself against the dogs. He is challenged by FOX and seconded by Miss BLANCHE BE BAR in naval uniform. Finally he takes refuge in the china closet, and hurls cheap plates and saucers at his foes. With the exhaustion of the supply of crockery, the act naturally comes to an end, and, as frequently occurs in similar cases, the curtain falls.

Comic Man. "Why does CLARKE, when he slings china at the company, remind you of the Paraguayan war? Of course you give it up. Because he carries on a war on the Plate. Do you see it? Crockery plates and the river Plate, you know. Ha! ha!"

And two ushers, reinforced by a special policeman, drag the miserable man away, and lead him to MAGONIGLE's private room, there to be dealt with for the hideous crime of making infamous jokes in BOOTH's theatre. He is never seen again, and so the Philadelphia Day loses its brightest ornament.

The third act consists of a duel between JACK and FOX, each of whom is too cowardly to fight. They therefore follow the safer example of rival editors, and swear and scold at each other. At last a small millennium of universal reconciliation takes place, and the usual old comedy "tag" ends the play.

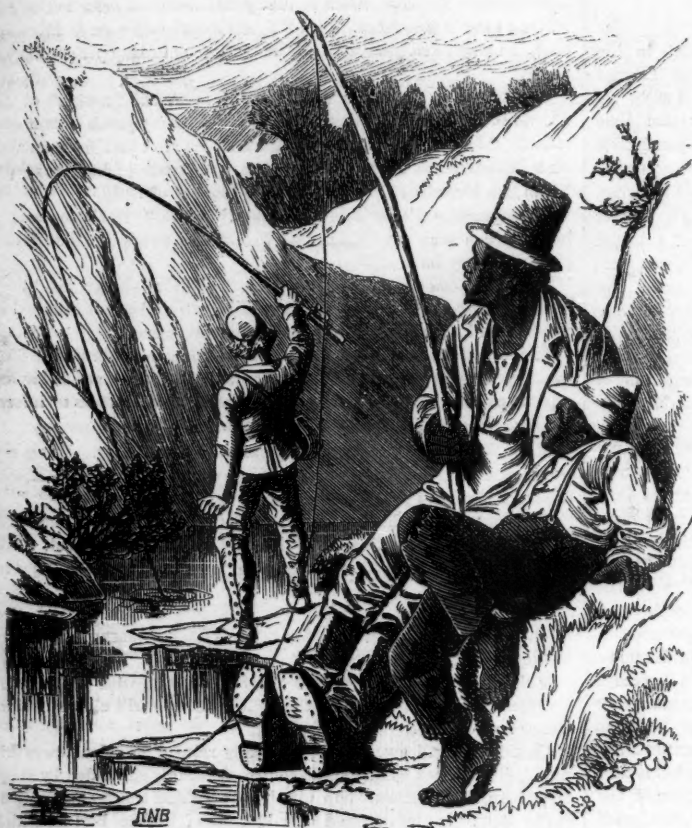
(Parenthetically, why "tag?" Does it receive this name because its invariable stupidity suggests those other worthless commodities "rag" and "bob-tail," which, outside of theatres, are generally associated with the name.)

And every body goes away murmuring of the genial humor of CLARKE, the magical violin of MOLLENHAUER, the elegance, convenience and comfort of the theatre, the matchless memory of BOOTH's Hamlet and Iago, and the golden certainty of the coming of Rip Van Winkle. And every body is supremely satisfied, and says to every body else, "This theatre needs only a company, to be the foremost theatre of either continent."

MATADOR.

## Remarks by Our Stammering Contributor.

THE up-town theatrical sensation is, we hear, produced "regardless of expense." We had reason to think that its managers would show more Frou-frou-frugality.



PISCATORY DISCUSSION.

Uncle Walton. "THAR! DIDN'T I TOLE YER? KNOW'D HE COULDN'T KETCH NO FISH WID DAT 'AR BUGGY-WHIP OF A THING!"

Isaac. "YAH! DON'T TALK!—WAIT TILL HE TURNS DAT 'AR CRANK, AND SEE IF DE PEERCH DON'T COME A-WINDIN' IN!"

## COMIC ZOOLOGY.

## THE MONKEY TRIBE.

OF this genus there are countless varieties, differing widely in the cut of their monkey jackets, as the untravelled American naturalist will doubtless have observed on traversing his native sidewalk. The educated specimens met with in our cities are upon the whole well Organized, and appear to have music in their soles. For its feats *à pied*, the tame monkey is indebted to a Piedmontese who accompanies him.

To behold the monkey race in their glory, however, they must be seen in their native woods, where they dwell in genteel independence, enjoying their entailed estates and living on their own cocoa nuts. There will be found the Gibbon, whose Decline and Fall when yielding the Palm to some aspiring rival is swifter than that of the Roman Empire; the Barberry Ape, so called from feeding exclusively on Barberries; the Chimpanzee—an African corruption of Jump-and-see, the name given to the animal by his first European discoverers in compliment to his alertness; the Baboon, a melancholy brute that, as you may observe from his visage, always has the blues; to say nothing of a legion of Red Monkeys, which are particularly Rum Customers.

Some men of science have advanced the theory that man is the climactic consequence of innumerable improvements of the monkey; the negro as he now exists being the result of the Fifteenth Amendment. These philosophers erect a sort of pyramid of progress, placing an Ape at the base and a Caucasian at the Apex. This wild hypothesis of a monkey apotheosis can of course only be regarded Jockolarly, in other words, with a grin. Nevertheless the Marmozet is sufficiently like a little Frenchwoman to be called a Ma'moiselle, and there are (in New-Zealand for instance) human heathen with a craving for the Divine, to whom the Gorilla, though not a man, is certainly a brother. Possibly the Orang Outang, if able to express his thoughts in an har-

angue, might say with Mr. DICKENS, "I am very human." He certainly looks it.

There is a strong facial resemblance among the simious races—*Simia Similibus*. This likeness does not, however, extend in all cases to the opposite extremity. Some monkeys have no tails. Of the tailless Apes it is said that they originally erased their rear appendages by too much sitting—perhaps as members of the "Rump" in some Anthropoid Congress. Be that as it may, the varieties that have retained their tails seem disposed to hang on to them, and will doubtless continue to do so by hook or by crook.

The natives of Africa believe that the monkeys would converse with them if they were not afraid of being set to work; but it is quite apparent that they are not averse either to labor or conversation, inasmuch as among themselves they frequently Mow and Chatter.

## THE GREAT AFRICAN TEA COMPANY.

MR. PUNCHINELLO: If I can induce you to take a few shares in the above-named Co. (at a merely nominal price, I assure you,) I think I shall do you a very great favor, and at the same time secure to the Co. the benefit of your enormous influence.

The Grand Points, in this unequalled Scheme, may be explained as follows:

The Tea is from the new African Tea Fields, (that is the holds of ships in which it has spoiled, or become musty, or lost its bouquet, and the old chests of the usual dealers,) and is delivered in our ware-rooms for a mere song, so to speak: say the Song of Sixpence (a pound.)

At a small additional outlay, we dye and scour this Tea, or otherwise Renovate it to such an extent that Nature herself would be deceived, at least till she began to sip the decoction from it, when, perhaps, she would conclude not to try any further issues with this Co.

These African Tea Fields (cultivated by Ourselves) are "situated near the Cape of Good Hope." From the

recent appreciation of African Interests (and, of course, technology,) you will perceive that in our Name and Scheme is Good Hope indeed, for the Stockholders, if not the tea-drinkers.

Our system of business embraces, in part, the following ingenious and strictly novel features: By means of circulars and extensive advertising we convince the public (an easy task) that, in consequence of Raising the Tea Ourselves, from "Our Own Tea Fields," (and thus saving a great many profits to different absorbents of the people's money,) we can afford it at ruinously low prices, yet the Tea is always A. 1. (which, in familiar language, might be construed as A Wonder, especially to the Chinese.) We make a great variety out of the same stock! One may always know the Great A. Co.'s Tea from the circumstance of it's never having either odor or flavor. We find, after ample experience, that the presence of either of these qualities directly injures the sale. Give it plenty of Astringency (an easy knack) and it will be sure to go down in this country. It is our experience (and that of many other Operators of our kind—or upon our kind, if you prefer the phrase,) that people like to be imposed upon, and can always be taken with the Economical hook. If an article (of Tea, for instance) is only "cheap" enough, it may be ever so nasty and unwholesome, and yet it will Sell! Sell? Bless you! you can't produce it fast enough—even from your Own Tea Fields!

We make an article of Coffee (which we have almost decided to call Cuffee) that has as much Color in one pound as the real (an inferior) article has in six! Boarding-house keepers praise it! It goes far, and is actually preferred to Mocha! We sell it for less than the latter could be bought for at wholesale, in Arabia, and yet you will readily believe we make money by it.

A few shares will be sold to you for a mere fraction of their nominal value. Call and see us, at the sign of the GREAT AFRICAN (TEA CO.)

T. T. T. (for the Co.)



## OUR CUBAN TELEGRAMS.

WE are happy to inform our readers that we have made a special arrangement with the telegraph companies, by which we shall receive the only reliable news from Cuba. The following telegrams from Havana, which were received at this office at a late hour last night, will show how full and accurate our Cuban news will henceforth be:

## FIRST DISPATCH.

HAVANA, May 26th, 9 P. M.—(*From a Cuban Patriot.*)—A great battle was fought yesterday between the National army and the Spanish Cut-throats. General CESPEDAS, with five hundred men, attacked VALMESADA, who had eleven thousand men in a strong position, and completely routed him. The Invaders lost ten thousand in killed and wounded, and nine hundred prisoners. Twenty pieces of artillery were captured. This blow will crush the Spanish brigands, and make certain the independence of the island. Our loss was trifling—only a drummer-boy or two.

## SECOND DISPATCH.

9:30 P. M.—(*From the Spanish Authorities.*)—A great battle was fought yesterday between the loyal army and the rebel hordes. General VALMESADA, with five hundred men, attacked CESPEDAS, who had eleven thousand men in a strong position, and completely routed him. The brigands lost ten thousand in killed and wounded, and nine hundred prisoners. Twenty pieces of artillery were captured. This blow will crush the rebels, and make certain the establishment of order in the island. Our loss was trifling—only a sutler or two.

## THIRD DISPATCH.

10 P. M.—(*From a Cuban Patriot.*)—Our victory was more complete than at first believed. Only two Spaniards escaped. Our only loss was one drummer-boy slightly wounded.

## FOURTH DISPATCH.

10:30 P. M.—(*From the Spanish Authorities.*)—Our victory was more complete than was at first believed. Only two rebels escaped. Our only loss was one sutler somewhat demoralized.

## FIFTH DISPATCH.

11 P. M.—(*From a Cuban Patriot.*)—CESPEDAS had only two hundred men, and VALMESADA eight thousand. The latter is reported killed. The victory was complete.

## SIXTH DISPATCH.

11:30 P. M.—(*From the Spanish Authorities.*)—VALMESADA had only two hundred men, and CESPEDAS eight thousand. The latter is reported killed. The victory was complete.

## SEVENTH DISPATCH.

12 M.—(*From a Cuban Patriot.*)—The battle was not so bloody as was at first reported. The Patriots had fifty men, and were greatly outnumbered. Several dead Spaniards were left on the field. No artillery was captured, but a great quantity of supplies was taken.

## EIGHTH DISPATCH.

12:30 A. M.—(*From the Spanish Authorities.*)—The battle was not so bloody as was at first reported. The loyal force consisted of only fifty men, and many dead rebels were left on the field. No artillery was captured, but a great quantity of bapanas was taken.

## NINTH DISPATCH.

1 A. M.—(*From a Cuban Patriot.*)—It is now known that the battle was only a skirmish. The Spaniards attacked our men in order to seize upon their extra linen. They were repulsed however.

## TENTH DISPATCH.

1:30 A. M.—(*From the Spanish Authorities.*)—It is now known that the battle was only skirmish. The rebels attacked a hen-roost in search of eggs, but were repulsed.

## ELEVENTH DISPATCH.

2 A. M.—(*From a Cuban Patriot.*)—The rumor of a battle seems to have originated in a fight between a Patriot and a mob of blood-thirsty Spaniards in an alley in this city. The latter managed to escape.

## TWELFTH DISPATCH.

2:30 A. M.—(*From the Spanish Authorities.*)—The rumor of a battle evidently grew out of a fight in an alley of this city, between a Volunteer and a mob of rebel sympathizers. The latter were all arrested.

## THIRTEENTH DISPATCH.

3 A. M.—(*From the American Consul.*)—Yesterday a Cuban boy threw a stone at a dog belonging to one of the volunteers. The dog ran away. All is quiet in the city, and elsewhere on the island.

At this point we were compelled to go to press. The above dispatches, however, furnish the latest and only reliable intelligence from Cuba.

## A Good Turn Meant.

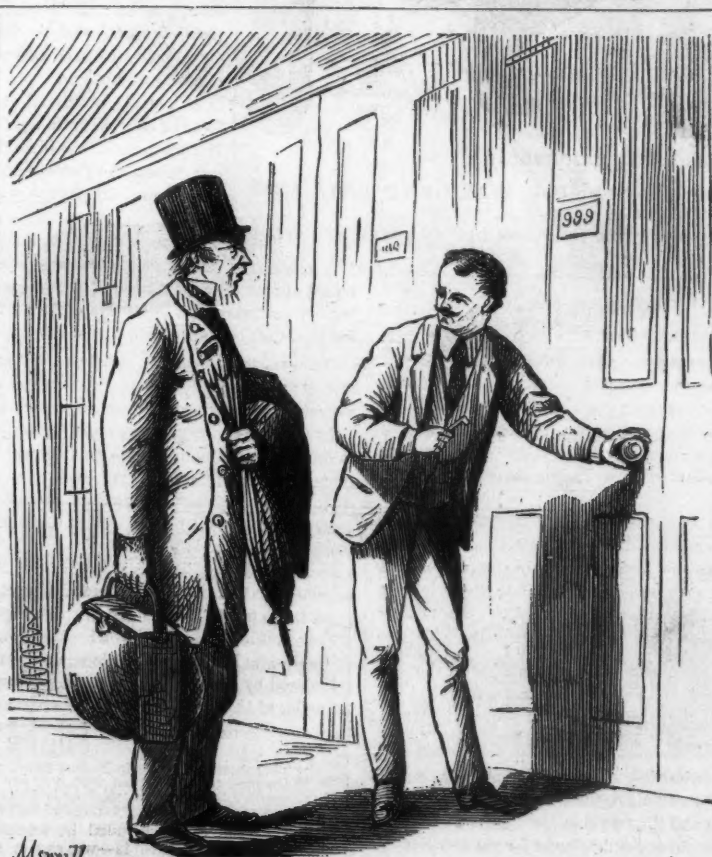
THERE is some talk of reviving the Tournament in this region, and the young men are expected to show their skill in "riding at the ring." If our young men were to put any number of good sharp lances through a few of our City Rings, they would be noble and chivalrous fellows, surely.

## The Dumb Beasts' Friend.

MR. BERGH, the philologist, is an honest oracle in his way, and when he opens his mouth we hope no ear will be ungrateful enough to bark. He says in his last lecture that dumb animals are creatures like unto himself. That accounts for Mr. BERGH being Deer to the quadrupeds, and such a Terrier to their enemies.

## Land and Water.

AN Ocean Cable Company has just asked Congress for a grant of lands. The request is natural, as the Company, of course, wants to see its cable well Landed.



## ONE VIEW OF THE QUESTION.

*Nervous Man.* "UP FOUR FLIGHTS OF STAIRS, AND THROUGH NO END OF CROOKED PASSAGES. HOW AM I TO GET OUT IN CASE OF FIRE?"

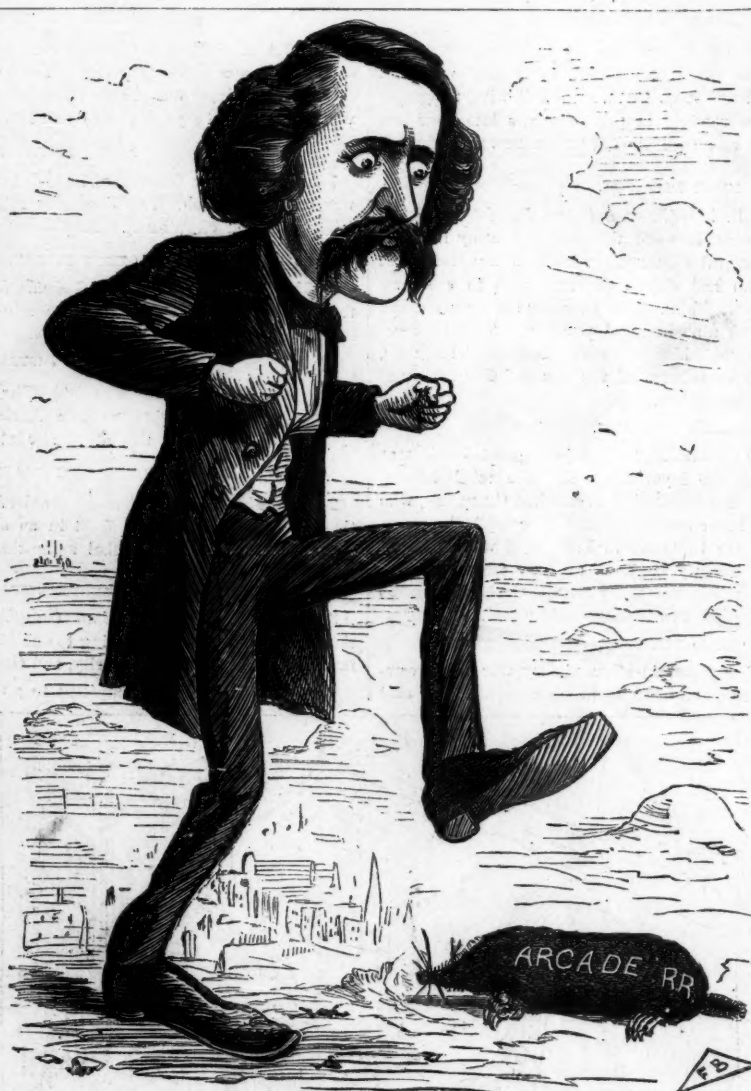
*Polite Waiter.* "NO OCCASION WHATSOEVER FOR ANXIETY, SIR; THE HOUSE IS FULLY INSURED."

### The Kellogg Testimonial.

GIFTS should be seasonable. We therefore signify our highest approval of the judgment of those "keyind" friends who lately gave to Miss CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, our own beloved nightingale, an elegant "Fruit Receiver." Birds, as a rule, are prohibited by law from partaking of fruit, but that is only while it is the on branches; and, perhaps, if EVE had only possessed an elegant "Fruit Receiver," she might have put the apple into it, instead of eating that most unfortunate pippin, so greatly to human distress and detriment. And, now that Miss CLARA has such a beautiful article to hold them, we suggest that, at her next benefit, instead of the fading and comparatively worthless bouquets, she be presented with a bushel of the very best pippins—and we intend to do it.

### Latest About Garibaldi.

It is stated, now, that GARIBALDI, foiled in his attempts to join the Italian insurgents, is about to throw himself, sword in hand, among the Red River malcontents. This rumor has its origin, probably, in the fact that GARIBALDI usually wears a red shirt.



BROADWAY SAVED!  
GOVERNOR HOFFMAN PUTS HIS FOOT DOWN UPON THE MOLE THAT WAS GOING TO UNDERMINE OUR GREAT THOROUGHFARE.

### Stridor Dentium.

THE Massachusetts Dentists (excellent men, not to be spoken of without a shudder) have been holding an annual meeting in Boston. They talked, discussed, suggested and explained; and then, to show that they were physicians who could heal themselves, they parook together of a most beautiful dinner. We are not told so, but we suppose that the viands on this occasion were of the very toughest description—geese of venerable age, fried heel-tops, and beef like unto the beef of a boarding-house. Whether, considering their facilities for mastication, a landlord should not charge the members of a Dental Association double, is a question for casuists.

### English News.

It is noted, as a very remarkable fact, that "the Member of Parliament for Sheffield first entered that town as an Italian image boy." He was the image of his mother.

### In the Air.

Voice at Rome. "I am the infallible Pio Nono."

Echo, everywhere. "No! no!"

Ancient Inscription on the Throne of Spain.  
M. T.

### THE ROBINS.

[Compare a much more "poetic" effusion, under this head, in all the American newspapers.]

THERE's a screech upon the housetop, a creak upon the plain,  
It's a libel on the sunshine, its a slander on the rain;  
And through my brain, in consequence, there darts a horrid thought  
Of exasperating wheelbarrows, and signs, with torture fraught!  
So, all these breezy mornings through my teeth is poured the strain:  
Confound the odious "Robins," that have now come back again!

They bring a thought of strawberries, which I shall never taste;  
Plums, cherries, ditto, ditto, which these mauraunders waste—  
Who never will catch worms and flies, as smaller "warblers" do,  
But want precisely those nice things which grow for me and you!  
I muse on all their robberies, and mutter this fierce strain:  
Confound these odious "Robins," that have now come back again!

Oh, bah! What bosh these "poets" write, about this humbug pet!  
Firstly, they're not true "Robins," but a base, inferior set;  
Second, there is no music in their creaking, croaking shriek;  
Third, they are slow and stupid—common birds from tail to beak!

'Tis said, "they come so early." Well, I'd rather they'd come late.  
They're simply made for pot-pies, and deserve no better fate.

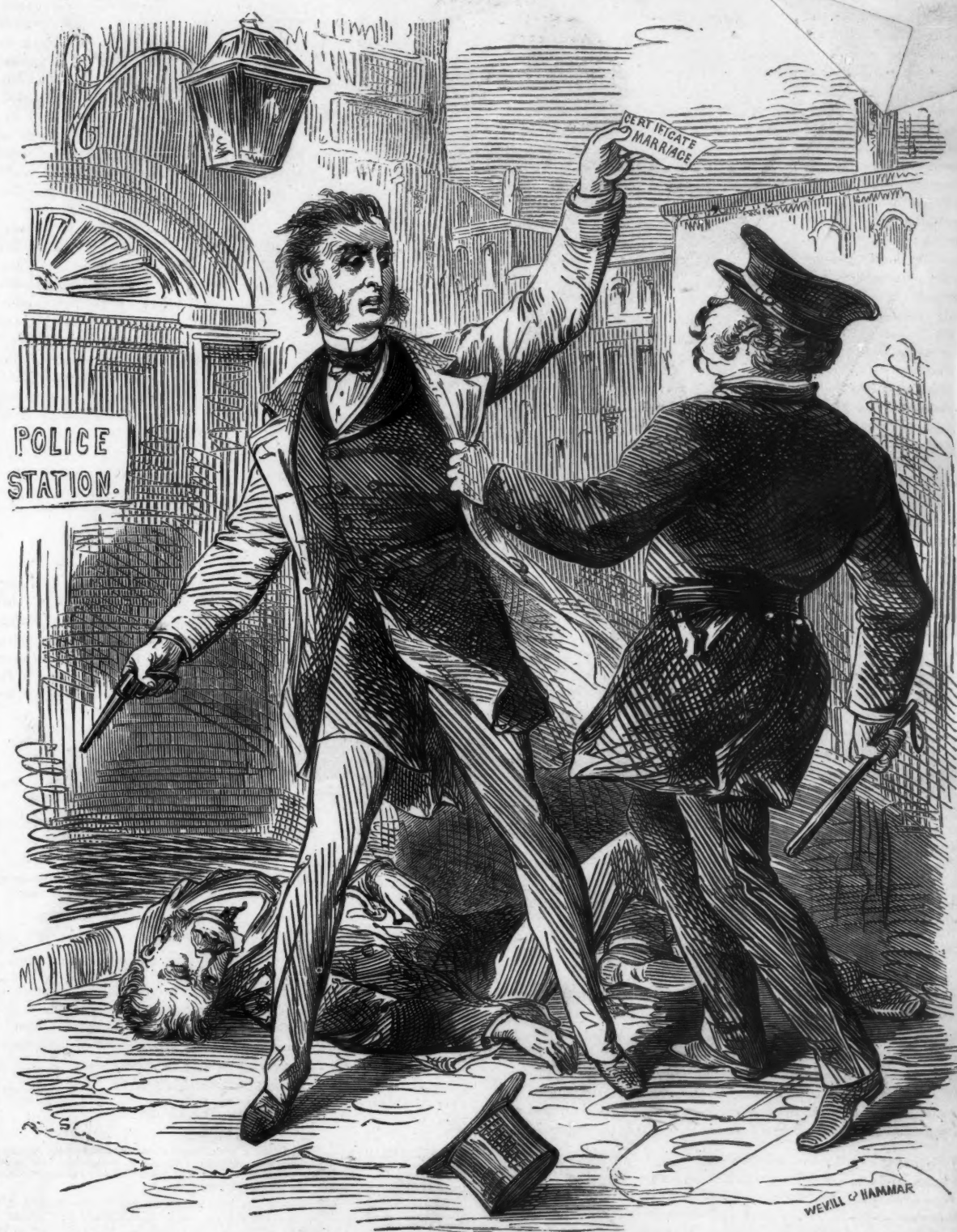
Who ever thought to welcome the ingenious, sprightly Wren?  
With his pretty, joyous carol, which should thrill the heart of men?  
Now *that is music*, mind you! And how small the throat that sings!  
Bes des, he lets your fruit alone, and lives on other things!  
Inspired by this trim fairy, many souls will swell the strain:  
Confound the odious "Robins," that have now come back again!

### CAUTION!

THERE is shortly to arrive in Paris a dwarf aged about fifty-five years, having a beard reaching to his feet, but with only one arm and a completely bald head. He possesses 2,000,000 francs, which he is willing to share with any young girl about twenty years old, who is pretty and good tempered.

The person above alluded to, unquestionably, our eldest son, Mr. PUNCHINELLO, Jr. He is—we say it with many tears—as great a rascal as any in the world, although no child was ever flogged more regularly and affectionately. His conduct broke his mother's head; and he was put under bonds to keep the peace at the age of two years. After a long period of flagrant insubordination, he ran away with a part of our money, and of his plunder he may possibly have 2,000,000 francs left—but we don't believe it. This is to warn all tradesmen in Paris from trusting him on our account, as we shall pay no debts of his contracting.





**THE NEW PLEA FOR MURDER.**

MAN WITH REVOLVER. "OF COURSE I'VE KILLED HIM, BUT IT'S NO MURDER, FOR I'M INSANE. IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT, THERE'S MY MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE!"

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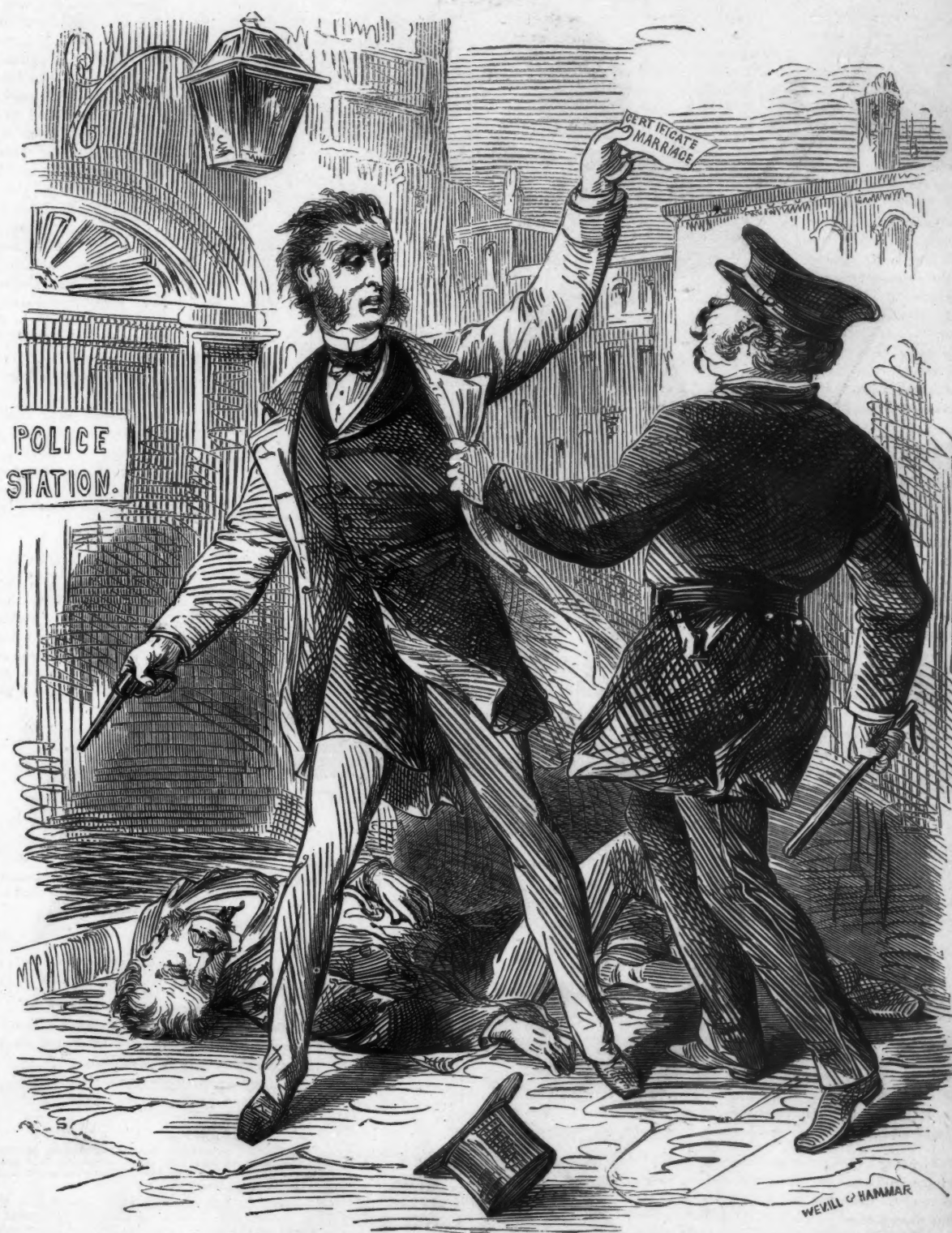
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## CONDENSED CONGRESS.

## SENATE.



RAKE quacked according to his custom—this time about the propriety of hanging people in the Southern States. There were several people in Missouri whom he particularly desired to see extinguished. He referred to the fiends in human shape, whose hands were dripping with loyal gore, and whom the unrepentant rebels of his State actually desired to send to the Senate, in the place of himself. He lacked words to express his sense of so gross an outrage. He thought that he could be comparatively happy if forty thousand men were hanged or otherwise "disabled" from voting against him. That

would make his reflection a pretty sure thing.

Mr. FERRY said he really thought this thing had gone far enough. People were coming to understand that the general run, he did not refer to Bull Run, of the Northern army was just about as good, and no better, than the general run, he did not refer to Gettysburg, of the Southern army. As for DRAKE, he was a *canard*, and his statement was another. He did not approve of the bloody Drakonian code.

Mr. MORTON said FERRY was very easily crossed. As for him he considered that FERRY was a Copperhead.

Mr. REVELS was in favor of removing disabilities as soon as it could be done with safety. They all knew what he meant by safety. As soon as not only his calling, which was formerly clerical, although now legislative, and election were made sure, he was ready to let every body vote. While his election was doubtful, he was in favor of keeping out votes enough to insure it. He believed that to be the view of every Senator. (Hear. Hear.)

Mr. SAWYER thought his opinion as good as REVELS's, if he was white. He considered that he was safe in South Carolina, and he disapproved of the glut of Republican Southern Senators. Upon these grounds he went for the removal of the disabilities.

## HOUSE.

Mr. DAWES did a neat thing. He represented that the Naval Appropriation bill contained a number of most nutritious jobs (as indeed it turned out that it did.) Upon this hint SCHENCK agreed to let the tariff "pass" for the present, though he reserved the right to order it up at any time. Thereupon the astute DAWES moved to postpone it indefinitely, to the huge disgust of Mr. SCHENCK, who said he ought to be ashamed of himself. Here was the oyster pining for protection, the peanut absolutely shrivelling on its stalk under the neglect of Congress, and the American hook-and-eye weeping for being overrun by the imported article. He hoped the pig-iron, whose claims they had refused to consider, might lie heavy on their souls.

KELLEY was too full of pig-iron for utterance.

## SPENCERIAN CHAFF.

BY A CONFIRMED GRAHAMITE.

If, in the "opening" of my learned friend  
(Whose record I intend  
Most handsomely and warmly to defend,  
You fancy that you now and then perceive  
A word or phrase one hardly can conceive  
Was uttered "by your leave;"  
If—going further in my supposition—  
You fancy his condition  
In some respects was not above suspicion;  
If (Ah! there's virtue in an "if" sometimes—

As there may be in crimes,  
You think it strange, what men will do for dimes;  
Why, it is plainly due

To you,

And noble SPENCER, too,  
That I should straightway boil with legal rage  
At such injustice, and at once engage  
To right the matter, on this virtuous page.

I fear, my captious friend,  
(To speak the truth,) you do not comprehend  
The Majesty of Law!  
Of Reason it is clearly the Perfection!  
It is not merely Jaw!  
Great Heaven! (excuse the interjection,  
If for this thing you have no greater awe,  
You need correction!  
Pray, do you fully realize, good Sir,  
The Legal is a Gentlemanly cur?  
True, we are sometimes forced to treat a Judge  
As though he were a plain American.

But, fudge!

He never minds; he's not a gentleman!  
True, it is now and then our legal lot  
To teach a stupid witness what is what,  
Or show that he (or she)  
Is rather worse than he (or she) should be;  
We find it necessary,

Very,

To blacken what we have no doubt is white,  
And whiten what is very black indeed.  
Agreed!

But ask the Client what he thinks is right!  
He may not care to see us fairly fight,  
(It is not a pleasant sight.)

Or hear us curse till all is black as night,  
For the whole Jury might perchance take fright;  
But he knows whether he is ably served!  
Stern Duty's line, he'll tell you (if he's bright)  
Is always either angular or curved.

Now, pray, no bosh

About the *habit of defending crime*  
Dulling the sensibilities in time!

The theory won't wash!

Once place my colleague on the other side,  
You'd say, This lawyer should be deified!  
Oh, what a conscience he would then reveal!  
Sinners would tremble at his dread appeal!

You would perceive

(At least, you would be ready to believe,  
That, noting all the most abhorred deeds  
Known to our records, this affair must needs  
Be judged the blackest. Nothing like, since Cain.

And then, again —

But, pshaw! coming to look at you, I see  
You're one of those odd folks who don't agree  
With any body. You are not to pass  
On these high questions; plainly, you're an ass.  
I'd like to have you on the stand a minute!

You'd think the deuce was in it!

I'd shake the humdrums out of you, I guess!

You'd presently confess

You thought that No was Yes.

It's just your sort—provided there's no hurry—

We like to worry.

In twenty minutes, Sir, you wouldn't know

Your father from JIM CROW,

Or your illiterate self from LINDLEY MURRAY!

And now then, dunce,

Please move your boots, at once!

If 'twere not for some twinges of the gout,  
I'd kick you out!



## A NEAT TURN.

*Mrs. Twigg.* "GOOD GRACIOUS! JOHN—YOU'VE BEEN DRINKING!"

*Mr. Twigg.* "NORADROP, MY DEAR, *hic*, NORADROP. I'VE ONLY COME UP *hic*, BY THE *hic*, *hic*, EL'VATED RAILWAY!"

## OUR PORTFOLIO.

SINCE "gin-and-milk" has been declared to be an uncanonical beverage, much uncertainty prevails among the brethren of the cloth as to what refreshment would be considered orthodox and proper. There is no doubt that some men are so constituted as to require fluid aids to religion. To deprive them of it would be to strike a blow at popular piety. As the laborer is worthy of his hire, so is the minister, whose throat becomes parched by reason of much exhortation, worthy of the liquid balm which is to renew his powers and strengthen his organs. PUNCHINELLO has had under consideration the question of inventing some drink which might happily satisfy the wants of the thirsty and avoid the scandal which "gin-and-milk" has created among the godly. Many correspondents have suggested to him various decoctions, but, as they all involved spirituous ingredients, he has felt compelled to reject them. After considerable trial, he flatters himself, however, that he has fallen upon a discovery which may remove every objection. It is very simple, and that of itself should be a strong recommendation. Take some raw potatoes; thoroughly extract the juice; mix with it about three ounces of horse-radish, (this to give it pungency,) flavor the same with any aromatic root to suit the taste, and then let the whole boil for one hour. After cooling, tightly bottle the mixture, and within twenty-four hours it will be fit for use. The process then will be to drink it in the same quantity that one would take either gin or whisky, being careful to hold to the nose during the act of swallowing, a sponge well saturated with pure alcohol. Between the pungency communicated to the taste by the horse-radish and the fumes of the spirit invading the nasal avenues, the illusion of a good "square drink" will be complete.

AN instance of singularly vitiated taste has just come to the knowledge of PUNCHINELLO. A caterer in Baxter Street provides juvenile boot-blacks with the hind legs of rats, and declares that his guests eat them with great avidity and experience no ill effects. They are rolled

in pulverized crackers, and cooked in lard. The dish is considered a great dainty, and is only within the reach of the aristocratic portions of that community. One chief cause of this culinary success is the fact that the provider keeps the knowledge of it to himself, going upon the French principle of "eat what's put before you and ask no questions." Fried horse liver has risen to great popularity with Americans in Paris, owing to the adoption of a similar caution. Fastidious tourists have been known to smack their lips over horse tenderloin, under the impression that the peculiarity of its flavor was to be attributed entirely to the devices of a Parisian *cuisine*.

This pleasant hypothesis has unquestionably prevented many a stomach from revolting, and increased the reputation of French cooks. It is related of the astronomer LALANDE that he often ate caterpillars and spiders, affirming that the former tasted like almonds and the latter like walnuts; but no American who ever feasted inadvertently on horse liver or a savory sirloin of the same flesh, has yet been found to acknowledge the fact, much less to promote a taste for it by any seductive comparison. The Baxter Street purveyor imitates the Parisian *restaurateur* in the mystery with which he surrounds his art, and so both prosper.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Georgia.* Mistaken. The columns of PUNCHINELLO are not for sale. If you want to buy editorial columns you should apply to the managers of the Washington Chronicle. For tariff of rates consult Governor BULLOCK of your State, who is thoroughly informed on the subject.

*Anxious Inquirer.* Our story of the "Mystery of Mr. E. DROOD," will shortly be published in weekly parts, and it would be unfair to Mr. DICKENS as well to Mr. ORPHEUS C. KERR to tell you the Mystery.

*Traveller.* We believe that the Street Car Conductors are obliged to pass a preliminary examination in packing herrings, before a car is given to them.

*Dramatical.* Can you tell me the origin of the expression, "Let's have a smile," meaning of course, to take a drink?—Yes; it is from Julius Caesar, where CASSIUS says to BRUTUS:

—"Farewell BRUTUS!"

If we do meet again we'll smile, indeed." Act V. Scene I.

*Hoyle.* The old remark, "When in doubt play a trump," has fallen through, as, when in doubt, the player generally plays the Deuce.

*Henry Jones.* No. You are wrong. *Sic semper tyrannis*, does not mean "Tyrants are always sick."

*Villikens.* Mr. HORACE GREELEY, although an intimate personal friend of WESTON, the pedestrian, is not, as you suppose, the Compiler of WALKER'S Dictionary.

*Cornet.* The critic was wrong in attributing "freshness" to the air of "Walking down Broadway." If you walk down Broadway at this season you will find the air any thing but fresh.

*Gin-and-Milk.* It is a mistake. THEODORE TILTON never sang Comic Songs in a Houston Street Free-and-Easy.

*Chutney.* Somebody has been "selling" you. BABOO BRAHMIN CHUNDER SEN is not a relation of HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

*Sculp.* Is it in your power to give the proportions of a perfect human figure?

*Answer.* Your question implies a doubt of the genius of a great American Sculptor. It is in our Power. Look at his figure of the Greek Slave.

*Richard III.* My friends think that I have a decided talent for the stage. How can I be fitted for it?

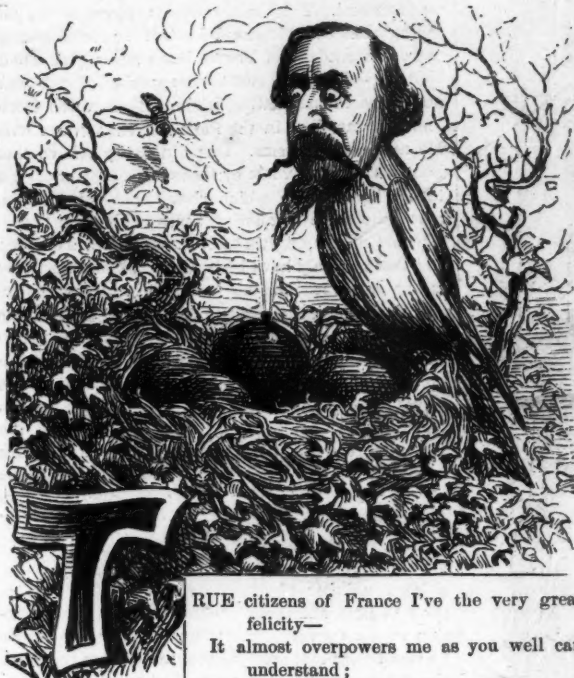
*Answer.* By a theatrical costumer. Pay great attention to "Measure for Measure."

*Debrett.* Who were the Knight's Companions of the Bath?

*Answer.* Towels and Soap.



### NAPOLEON'S LATEST MANIFESTO TO THE FRENCH PEOPLE.



T RUE citizens of France I've the very great felicity—  
It almost overpowers me as you well can understand;

To give to the proud triumph of my policy publicity,  
Majority six millions. Ah! *Mon Dieu!* but it is grand.

'Tis true the Empire's Capital, the centre of authority,  
Went against me in a fit of Red Republican romance;  
But the Provinces in rolling up their glorious majority  
Have proved, despite of precedents, that Paris is not France.

Self-contained and unembarrassed, I awaited at the Tuileries  
The issue, for I trusted the Nation's Common Sense;  
And although the rowdy *Faubourgs* tried a few of their Tom-fooleries,  
My soldiers soon let light into each trumpery defence.

I smile in cold contempt at the Old-time Barricade tricks—  
Each street, did I so order, were a cannon-swept defile,  
I've bound Fortune to my Chariot, and defying all her jade tricks,  
More in pity than in anger hear the roar of the *Canaille*.

The *Drapeau Rouge* is down—HUGO, BLANC and LEDRU ROLLIN  
Are as harmless as three kittens with their teeth and talons drawn;  
And now my own loved France, with returns from every poll in,  
I bid thee hail of Liberty the true and genial dawn.

Though the Left's intemperate oracles, political and clerical,  
Deny there's force or purpose in the People's mighty "Aye!"  
They stultify their principles, for by ordeal numerical  
Their Creed declares all policy should either live or die.

To France I said, "My Country, behold I freely tender thee  
All swords e'er won for freedom in the ages long ago,  
All prerogatives that clash with it I offer to surrender thee,  
Wilt take or spurn the guerdon? prithee, answer "yes" or "no."

She has answered, France has answered, in thunderings articulate,  
From the Alps and either Seaboard, to the Pyrenees, the Rhine;  
And though a horde of demagogues may bellow and gesticulate,  
They *know* this is a victory of the PEOPLE'S RIGHT DIVINE.

#### The Dominion Again.

WHAT a set of grumblers the Canadians are. They seem never to be satisfied with their public men. First they were berating the minister of Justice for too large a practice at the Bar. Now they have turned their attention to the gentleman (Mr. *LANGEVIN*) who is to engineer the domestic relations between the Confederate Provinces, on the ground of looking after his own Domestic Relations first. Surely, this is "factious opposition," as their Mr. *HOLTON* would say.

### SCIENCE FOREVER!

MR. PUNCHINELLO is pleased to observe that there is to be a meeting of the Western Social Science Association in Chicago, and he hereby announces his intention of attending as a Volunteer Delegate. He will, if he is well treated by the Convention, so that he may reach the elevation of soul necessary, read exhaustive and exhausting papers on the following subjects:

1. On the complete removal of the buildings now constituting the City of Washington to Chicago.
2. On Free Drinks; their origin, history, purpose, and influence.
3. On a curious fluid known as Drinking-Water; observed in other parts of the world, but entirely unknown in Chicago.
4. On Virtue its Own Reward, as exemplified in the Lives and Adventures of the Chicago Police.
5. On the Various Smells to be observed in Chicago (with pungent experiments.)
6. On the Exact Trigonometrical Measurement of a Corner in Grain.
7. On the feasibility of working an Elevator entirely by whisky power.

MR. PUNCHINELLO has prepared forty-nine other papers on different scientific subjects, including Pugilism, Base Ball, the Velocipede, Female Suffrage, and Lake Navigation; and he now awaits an invitation from Chicago to come on with his largest drum and his most melodious trumpet. He is aware of the general impression among the Children of the West that they already know every thing. He hastens to assure them that they labor under the most hideous of delusions.

#### A Midsummer Reading of Shakspeare.

It must have been in "fly-time" that Shakspeare wrote—  
"When we have Shoo-fled off this mortal coil."

#### A Dead Beat to the Windward.

MR. ASHBURY of "Cambria" fame.

### THE FISHERY QUESTION.



SOME trouble with regard to the Gulf fisheries appears to be anticipated, and loud calls are being made upon Government by the fishermen, who demand that immediate steps be taken for securing their rights. The unmasterly inactivity of President GRANT, in the matter, is considered by the fishermen as indicating a want of Porpus. They are also very much chagrined with the Government for sending out to the fishing-banks a dispatch boat bearing the inappropriate name of "Frolic." There is a levity about this quite out of keeping with the serious character of the question, and it is doubtful whether the fishermen would not prefer a fight on the banks to a Frolic.

Although the Government appears to Flounder sadly in the mud-banks of this fishery question, still there is some hope that coercive measures may yet be taken for restraining the Dominion fishermen from having every thing on their own hook. Rumor has it that the monitor Miantonomah, Captain SCHUFELDT, is awaiting orders for a cruise to the troubled waters. This will doubtless prove to be a very summary and complete way of settling the difficulty, inasmuch as a few broadsides from the huge thunderer referred to would kill every fish upon the banks, and blacken each particular fisherman into an OTHELLO with an "occupation gone." The Canadian fishermen, of course, would suffer equally with those of our own shores. They are a light-hearted people, though, are these Canadians, fond of music and dancing, and they would doubtless find consolation for their troubles by addressing the skipper of the Miantonomah in a grand MASANIELLO strain, chorussed with "SCHUFELDT don't bother us!"



DEPLORABLE ACCIDENT TO THAT FASHIONABLE YOUNG MAN ALGERNON TYBALT PIPKINS, WHOSE HAT HAS BEEN BLOWN THROUGH THE RAILINGS OF WASHINGTON PARK JUST AS THE MISSES ABINGDON ARE PASSING.

#### OF MYTHOLOGY.

MYTHOLOGY is the term by which the ancient Greek or Roman used to distinguish his religion from the rival religions of other and heretical pagans. Just as Orthodoxy, according to DEAN SWIFT, means "my doxy," and Heterodoxy, the doxy of other people; so the pious Roman used to speak of "my thology" as the only genuine religion; the "thologies" of other men being cheap and worthless counterfeits of the real article. The classic mythology had a large and varied assortment of deities, from which every man could select a supply to suit himself. Thus the lawyer could place a bust of Mercury, the god of chicanery, in his office, and so secure the patronage of the god and save the expense of a tin sign announcing his profession. The editor could dedicate his paper to the service of Janus, the two-faced deity, and thus pursue his business without perilling his reputation for religious consistency. The advantages of this sort of thing need hardly be enlarged upon.

We propose to give easy and familiar descriptions of the more important gods of classic mythology, for the benefit of our younger readers. We therefore begin without further delay, with the chief deities of Olympus, the celestial Tammany Hall of the period. The Olympians formed a sort of Ring which governed the entire celestial and infernal world, and as they were the only judges of elections, they retained the power undisturbed.

**JUPITER.** This individual was a jolly, good-tempered, old Olympian who lived in great terror of his wife, JUNO, and was sadly addicted to surreptitious beer, and undignified flirtations with the female servants. He was fond of disguising himself, and staying out late at night in search of adventures. It is difficult, however, to believe that he really disguised himself as a swan, in order to present his bill to LEDA. The story, doubtless, originated in the fact that JUNO called him "an old goose," to which he very probably replied that "other woman appreciated him better, and that LEDA, for example, would be more apt to call him a duck or a swan, than a degraded and abject goose." So, too, in

regard to the story that he disguised himself as a bull, and in that eccentric costume made love to EUROPA. One legend expressly states that he pretended to be an Irish bull. This is, of course, a figurative way of saying that he proclaimed himself an Irish gentleman, a descendant of BRIEN BORU and a graduate of Trinity College. EUROPA was probably a child's nurse, and the fascinating Irish gentleman was accustomed to meet her in the Park, and enliven her with his national witticisms. One can easily believe that he made love to DANÆ by throwing a shower of gold in her lap—a story which shows that women were much the same in ancient times as they are to day. There is no denying that JUPITER was a sad old dog, and that he would have been killed a dozen times by insane husbands had he not been immortal. However, he was pretty severely punished by JUNO, who was the leader of the Olympian Sorosis, and who used to hear of all his disreputable flirtations from the respectable spinsters of that Wild Goddess Association, and would keep him awake night after night, with curtain lectures on the subject. JUPITER was, *ex-officio*, the chairman of the Olympian Society, and he once crushed a rebellion of the Titans, who were the Roughs of the period, by locking them out of the Olympian Hall, and shying all sorts of heavy missiles, such as charters—a Greek word signifying a mountainous burden—out of the upper chamber at them. He had a large number of relatives whom he placed in all the fat offices, and though there was some dissatisfaction with his government, it was generally agreed that he was better fitted for his position than any one of the Titans would have been. No one knows what was the ultimate fate of JUPITER. He was, however, dethroned by the Emperor CONSTANTINE, and was never afterwards heard of; though it is well known that the inhabitants of certain inland counties of New-Jersey still believe in his existence, and have not yet heard of CONSTANTINE's reformation.

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#### Apropos of Theodore Thomas' Concerts.

COME into the garden Maudlin.

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